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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XXIII.

Non semper joca, non semper seria placent,
Sed seria jocis mixta sunt semper jucunda.

The *Philanthropiſt* has heretofore chiefly confined his attention to ſober reflections, or ſuch delineations of men and manners, as he ſuppoſed beſt calculated to correct the morals, and make the heart better. He has not frequently given way to the playfulneſs of fancy, or yielded to the ſuggeſtions of mirth. He has, however, been induced to forſake, for once his uſual habits, and lay before his readers the following whimſical letter from a correſpondent, from whom he has received communications of a very different complexion.

Dear Phil,

I tranſmit for your peruſal, an account of a debate held in our club laſt night, on a very important occaſion. The ſtanding ſubject for the evening was, "What is man." The dignity of the theme will hardly be diſputed, when we conſider how long it has been a ſubject of inquiry. In early Greece it was conſidered of the firſt conſequence, and "Man, know thyſelf" was the wiſeſt ſaying of one of the wiſeſt of her philoſophers; and one of our ſublimeſt poets has declared,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

But to return to our club: the preſident opened the buſineſs with obſerving, that as the ſubject of inquiry was every way, worthy of our undivided attention, he expected every member to treat it with deference, and expreſs his ſentiments with preciſion. He obſerved, that the natural tendency of the inveſtigation would be to the following point: "In what reſpect does man differ from all other creatures!" He muſt poſſeſs ſome invariable characteriſtic, ſince it was only by ſuch, that the beings which this earth contains, could be arranged in their various claſſes, orders, genera and ſpecies. He therefore again urged their attention to ſome particular mark, which man did not hold in common with other animals. After the preſident had finiſhed his introduction. Many and various opinions were given. One remarked that Linnæus had deſcribed man as "*Homo ſapiens*," or "Man, a wiſe animal;" but to this it was oppoſed, that there are many fooliſh men; and as that cannot be a characteriſtic of a claſs which is ſeparable from any individual belonging to it, ſo wiſdom cannot be the diſtinguiſhing mark of man, ſince ſo many want it. A member then aroſe and offered one not liable to the ſame objection. Man, he obſerved, is a "Tax-paying animal." But to this it was objected, that man is not the only animal who pays taxes, ſince in the community of ants, there are ſoldiers ſupported out of the public treaſury, and in the republic of bees, the idle drones are ſupported out of the funds of the induſtrious. After much altercation, nearly in the ſame ſtrain, J. roſe and obſerved, he did not think the point in diſpute by any means an important one, ſince no clown was ſo ignorant, as not to know a man when he ſaw him. This was declared rather out of order, but to ſet the gentleman right, C. remarked, the point was not quite ſo clear as he ſuppoſed. The clown knew not upon what principle he decided the being he met was a man. It was upon ſome vague notion of reſemblance to himſelf, and by the ſame rule, he might have judged the Traglodites to be men, whereas the lateſt diſcoveries have clearly proved them to be a ſpecies of apes: on the other hand, the peaſants of France and Germany, have miſtaken ſome of our ſpecies, called *Homines Feri* to be bears, wolves and other brute beaſts:—even the witty PINDAR, for want of this diſtinguiſhing mark, has miſtaken the French character, when he ſays

"So low your folly, and conceit have sunk ye
"Only a larger kind of monkey!"

Did not a whole village miſtake David's drunken wife, for a ſow wallowing in the mire! (a loud laugh.) But a much more ſerious evil, for want of preciſion, on this point, ariſes, when our fellow countrymen, to the ſouthward, miſtake their African brethren for brute beaſts, and treat them accordingly! He therefore hoped, for the ſake of humanity, that ſome certain mark might be found out, by which it could be diſcovered, who of all the animals that walk this earth, were entitled to receive from us "the tender charities of father, ſon and brother." AN INVISIBLE.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

The education of youth is a matter of infinite importance. The expediency of which is demonſtrated in the omiſſion of it. And yet the preſent ſyſtem is vaſtly defective. The principal benefit deſigned in education, being often diſregarded, and popularity ſubſtituted in the room of uſeful knowledge. The advancement of children towards the perfection of their nature, or otherwiſe the improvement of their minds in a manner that will contribute moſt to their advantage and the good of ſociety, muſt be admitted the fundamental part of education. This aſſertion ſuggeſts the poſſibility of diverſity of ſentiment in what may be deemed the moſt uſeful ſpecies of knowledge to confer on youth. Here let us enter into the conſideration of a ſubject, which involves in its magnitude, the moſt important concerns of exiſtence. And in the firſt place perhaps it may conduce moſt to accompliſh this end, to conſider the deſign of our creation. If the intention of the Creator, in introducing mankind into exiſtence, was to contribute to his own glory; then the moſt likely means to effect it ought to be ſtudied in education, but it may be queried whereby can mankind moſt contribute to the glory of their Creator. Is it by extending their underſtanding by the exerciſe of the intellectual faculties, and

thereby making their reſemblance to him in point of underſtanding more expreſſive? Or is it cultivating that principle in their nature, which will conduct to humility? Let us bring theſe propoſitions to the teſt of analogous things, that will admit of demonſtration. What are the effects obſerved in individuals or nations, who are of equal ſtrength? Do not nations in proportion, as they advance towards equality of ſtrength, looſe the fear of each other? And is it not the ſame caſe with individuals? If then this example is correct, it follows as a natural conſequence, from the preciſe analogy of this inſtance to the relation of human beings with their Maker, that mankind, in the ſame ratio they advance in underſtanding, looſe the fear of their Creator, become in their apprehenſion, nearer on a level, and feel a greater familiarity with him. How far this is conſonant with pleaſing our Maker, may poſſibly be perceived, by taking into view that ſort of conduct which is moſt agreeable to a nobleman from his page, though the difference of the two great perſonages may render the compariſon not altogether correct, and conſequently ineffectual to a confirmation. Therefore let us obſerve farther, can it be imagined that the ſuffering of God's creatures is pleaſing to him? Nay, ſuch ſuppoſition would be irrational; then let us conſider whether the courſe of life, about which we are contending, leads men to diſavow ſuch conduct as in any manner contributes to a thing ſo offenſive to their Creator; to ſatisfy ourſelves on this head, very little thought is requiſite. The moſt poliſhed nations of men we generally ſee the moſt addicted to this evil. And who will dare oppoſe an argument after adverting to Engliſh nobility. In what an infinite variety of ways is oppreſſion of God's creatures carried on by the direction of theſe gentry; and where are any claſs more perfected in polite learning, and the improvement of the intellect than they? So that without ſearching for any other proof, we may reſt our argument on this ground, in as much as it is a poſitive axiom, and proceed to affirm, that the improvement of the mind, which reſults only from the exerciſe of its faculties, is inſufficient to qualify mankind to anſwer the deſign of their creation.

Now let us conſider how far the improvement of that principle in human nature, which teaches humility, is competent to render our exiſtence coincident to the will of our Maker. And firſtly, it may be eſſential to underſtand the nature of this principle. The principle producing this happy effect is religion, which is a compound of love and fear of Almighty God; by the influence of theſe two affections, the mind is made paſſive and brought to acquieſce with whatever it apprehends agreeable to the will of its Creator; but it may be ſaid, how are mankind to know what is the will of their Creator: here a ſcene of immenſe magnitude opens upon the underſtanding—how indeed, are we to obtain this important information? Why lay aſide the adorable bleſſing of divine revelation and it is impoſſible. Human comprehenſion is infinitely inadequate to diſcover it; which is amply exemplified in the diverſe creeds of profeſſing chriſtians. But whatever the light of reaſon manifeſts is inconſiſtent with the good of our fellow creatures, muſt, according to the general idea mankind have formed of their Maker, be offenſive to the divine being; and as already has been ſhewn, the mere improvement of the mental ſyſtem, as reſults from the exerciſe of its faculties, appears inadequate to make our conduct coincide herewith; but on the contrary, religion, or that principle in man which inſtructs to humility, is abundantly ſufficient to accompliſh it; which is demonſtrated, and open to obſervation in thoſe who profeſs faith in the neceſſity of complying with the dictates of conſcience. Yet, nevertheleſs, the arguments in favour of the firſt propoſition are not ſo eaſily expended. It may be queried, what then was the intention in conferring ſuch noble faculties on mankind? Why were they ſo diſproportioned to the uſe intended for them. Surely a human being might obtain ſubſiſtence and faith in a Creator, with far inferior powers of intellect, and alſo perform all ſocial and religious duties. Does not this argue an oppoſition ſuſtained by the plauſibility of apparent truth? True, in its preſent uncontended form it does,—but let us conſider before we advance it as fact. The ſcanty limits of human underſtanding, in compariſon with perfect wiſdom, makes many parts of his works appear inconſiſtent, for this reaſon, we do not underſtand them; recur to the fable of the Philoſopher and the Acorn, while he contemplated the extreme diſproportion of the fruit to the magnitude of the tree which produced it, he taxed his creator with defective judgment, becauſe from the contracted ſtate of his own knowledge, he did not ſee the propriety of that wiſe arrangement. The powers of human intellect do indeed, appear greatly to ſurpaſs what the neceſſity of life requires. But as they are inſufficient of themſelves to conduct through life, anſwerable to the deſign of the Creator; the degree they excell the neceſſary demands of exiſtence, while reſtricted to the intention of our Maker in beſtowing them, is a matter of uncertainty. They admit of great improvement is very true, but whether that is conſiſtent with the divine will, in the extenſive manner which is common, may perhaps be conceived, from the preceding fact of their inſufficiency to conduct in life agreeable to the promiſed intention of the Creator, in bringing mankind into exiſtence. From the tenor of the preceding diſcourſe, it appears a right ſyſtem of education ſhould be calculated to inculcate religion as pre-eminent in the concerns of life. Az.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND SPARROW.

A Nightingale whose pleasing song,
Had often charm'd the tuneful throng;
Forbore his notes, nor longer strove,
To reign the songster of the grove.

A Sparrow blithe as rosy May,
Hard by began her homely lay.
The Nightingale replete with spleen,
The sparrow hail'd, "melodious queen,
Such notes as thine, deserve the bays:
Such sweet, such variegated lays!
Fame shall no more ill-natured prove,
Thou *Laureat* songstress of the grove."

These sounds the Sparrow's ear invade,
She knew the truth, and calmly said;
"No sighs for fame my breast annoy;
Which more we grasp the more is coy.
If I to cheer a lonely hour,
Strive to exert the tuneful power:
Tho' small my talent, yet I ween
I may indulge nor raise your spleen.
I ne'er with you presume to vie,
Nor raise my notes when yours you try.
May fame to you her incense bring,
While I alone unnoticed sing:
Tho' now convinc'd I plainly see,
Two of one talent ne'er agree."

MARIA.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PEDLAR, NO. VI.

"Strange horrid traffic mournful to behold,
"Each tender feeling sacrificed to gold,
"And fellow men like cattle bought and sold!"

Political liberty is the doctrine preached forth by every American, and equal and univerſal right is declared and ought to be defended. Every citizen or inhabitant of the United States, as ſpecified in the declaration of Independence, is equally entitled to the bleſſings of Liberty.—Much

zeal is displayed for the preservation of these natural and indefeasible rights, for ourselves while we overlook the condition of thousands of our fellow creatures, held in the most pitiable state of abject Slavery.—He, whose soul is not callous—the feelings of humanity must shrink with horror, from the contemplation of the cruelty inflicted upon the unhappy Negroes. Torn from his connections, and forced from his native country, to undergo the sufferings of perpetual Slavery, what is there to render life desirable—when he is deprived of every thing which can make it dear and valuable to him?—Methinks I view him in his native land enjoying the sweets of liberty—surrounded with every conveniency of life, and stretching himself under the shade of the Palm, or Fir-Tree—When lo! the Man-hunter springs from the thicket, seizes and chains him—conducts him to the ocean, and delivers him up to the cruel slave dealer; who after chaining, forces him into the hold of the vessel. In vain the tear of anguish gushes from his eye—The anchor weighed and the canvass spread, he takes a heart-rending farewell of his native land, and the unfriendly gales waft him over the bosom of the deep, to a country where he is now doomed to perpetual servitude, under the cruel lash of an unfeeling Tyrant—Iniquitous traffic, when shall its miseries cease?

E.

For the Evening Fire-side.

ODE TO MY BROTHER BARDS.

My lazy, negligent, ungrateful brothers,
How can you show such lack of manly feeling;
Your sister now her indignation smothers,
Only from pure aversion to *plain dealing*.

She, but for this, would give you such a mauling,
As ev'ry feeling heart would have to sigh at,
'Tis love of peace alone that keeps her quiet,
When you so shamefully disgrace your calling.

What, shall a brother bard, whose pow'rs of song,
Gain'd him while living such an envied name,
By DEATH be shuffled out of life and fame,
And not one friendly hand avenge the wrong?

Disgraceful! O my brothers, tears I've shed
While thinking of the fate that threatens me!
Shall I, like him, be numbered with the dead,
Without an epitaph—an elegy,

Or verses sacred to my memory?
Justice and generosity forbid it!
When the grim tyrant puts his paw on me,
And with unfeeling gripe suspends my breath,
I'm sure he will be sorry that he did it;
Should not my hard earn'd fame survive my death,
That all may deprecate this dread event,
And do me honour when my work is done,
I'll still indulge in harmless merriment;
A faithful labourer in the fields of fun.

But now my brother's fate o'erwhelms with grief,
And predisposes me so much to cry,
That I can hardly keep my peepers dry,
Tho' most religiously 'tis my belief

That crying's an unprofitable trade,
Tho' strongly back'd by Messrs. Groans & Sighs;
And sure I am, my brother's injur'd shade
Such wat'ry, windy tribute would despise.

Let none then wonder that I dry'd my eyes;
I think at least I've reason on my side,
And those of course, my stoick pride must prize,
Who think that reason always should preside.

Can none be found our champion's worth to tell?
Can none be found to write his epitaph?
Can none be found to "*breathe the sounding shell*,"
Or to his *memory* raise an *honest laugh*.

His sister *Pindar* 'll try what she can do;
For she has now a notion in her head,
That she can, may-be, raise him *from the dead*;
If this should happen, what becomes of you,

Who trembled when you saw him *half-alive*:*
In number twenty-three, or four, or five.
A few weeks after he had bidden adieu,
Suppose now I should bring our *Hector* back,
And urge him on, and aid him in the attack,
Ye envious fellows what becomes of you.

I'm sure the very terror of his lash,
Would make you 'mong the *beds of sedges* splash,
As if old Belzebub himself were there;
And as I do most cordially hate
To see ingratitude to worth so great,
I hope ere long his *sounding shell* to hear.

PATTY PINDAR.

* Thus A——L.

For the Evening Fire-side.

A SYSTEM OF COURTSHIP.

Messrs. Editors,

Among the rapid advances in knowledge and refinement of manners, I have observed with concern, that little attention has been paid to the cultivation of *the art of courtship*. Many have so totally neglected this useful study, that on occasions when it would be really servicable; for want of a sufficient knowledge of its nature, their best formed plans of settlement in life have proved unsuccessful.

As I consider this a truly lamentable circumstance, I have been at the pains of forming a system of courtship; which I now submit to your judgment, to the end, that if approved of, it may be published for the benefit of those who are engaged in matrimonial schemes.

In the course of my observation, I have noticed that on the over modest, the company of a fine woman operates by producing great difficulty in the use of the tongue; together with an awkwardness of manner, and confusion of countenance, that gives a man very much the appearance of a fool. This propensity to silence, it is absolutely necessary to overcome: that his efforts for this purpose may be the stronger, I advise him to think of the following things, viz.

1. That a man who is deprived of the power of speech, when in company; can never display his accomplishments to advantage, or shew his wit if he happens to have any.

2. That as people are very apt to judge from appearances; if they discover no tokens of wit in a man's conduct, of course they will conclude that he possesses none.

This conquest over his taciturnity, which is the beginning of his task, like most other beginnings is hard to accomplish; but when once surmounted, the rest of the business is comparatively easy.

I now come to the mention of what may be properly denominated *the lover's license*; this which is known in the world by the name of flattery, bears a very near resemblance to the poet's license of *fiction*: there is however this difference,—the poet imagines some ficticious train of incidents; which, with the embellishment of poetical imagery, and harmonious numbers, serves to convey, enforce, or illustrate some precept. The lover imagines some fictious train of compliments; which with the embellishment of a good person, pleasing delivery, and engaging address, serves to—convey him into the good graces of the person addressed.

When by a dexterous management of this weapon, the suitor perceives he has made an impression on the heart, or head of the fair object of his attentions; he may then proceed to what I shall call *stating the question*. Previous, however, to his immediate entrance on this most arduous part of his undertaking; it will be necessary for him, by frequently dwelling on the many comforts, and conveniencies, procurable by the lady's fortune, to work himself up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm; as it has always been observed, that those who are most *interested* themselves in what they say, generally succeed best in interesting others: then seizing the favourable moment, before his *passion* begins to abate; make his proposals to the lady. In doing this, it will be very proper, in conformity with the practice of other orators, to place his principal dependance on *action*; but custom is so

arbitrary in this particular, that no rules can be given with any degree of certainty. I would now juſt obſerve, that if he finds it difficult, to work on the lady by exciting her pity; he may try the effect of fear, by threatening ſuicide; this has often ſucceeded when the other has failed.

I have now in a conciſe manner laid my plan before you; and ſhall conclude with avowing, that if my efforts ſhould tend in any degree, towards leſſening the number of the *knights of the rueful countenance*, my labour will be ſufficiently rewarded.

Yours, &c.

A. MACARONI.

For the Evening Fire-side.

LINES ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

Retired from the busy haunts of men,
I seek thy shades, sweet solitude, again;
Once more I haunt the grove, the flow'ry dell,
Where rocks o'erhang and mountain torrents swell.
Beside this bank where blooms the eglantine,
Where rich with fragrance blows the jessamine;
Where the rude rocks a gloomy shadow cast,
Reclin'd at ease, shall mem'ry view the past.
Recall again those moments of delight,
When ev'ry prospect was serene and bright.

The moon beams now disperse the evening shades,
And solemn silence all the scene prevades;
Save where the zephyr sighs among the trees,
Whose foliage rustles to the passing breeze;
Or where the distant torrents sullen roar,
In broken murmurs floats along the shore.
My thrilling heart a new sensation feels,
And o'er my soul a soothing sadness steals:
For on this spot, in days of early youth,
My heart with rapture breath'd the vows of truth.
Ah blissful moments, now forever gone!
How quickly sped! and hope with you has flown!
Oft would I then beside the torrent stray,
To see the moon-beams glitter on the spray.
Or jutting rocks with interposing gloom,
Obscure the brightness of the sparkling foam.
Or farther distant from the noisy fall,
Where soft, and smooth, and still, the waters roll;
Where distance softens every boist'rous sound,
And flutt'ring whispers lull the scene around.
I often wak'd the softly breathing flute,
While at my side Matilda touch'd the lute.
Ye frowning clifts, opposing height to height;
Ye distant hills that bound the range of sight;
How pleasing once, were your romantic views,
When of their beauties sung Matilda's muse.
But gloomy horrors now the scene pervade,
And ev'ry object wears a deeper shade.
Oft when the sun his journey had fulfil'd,
And sober eve her balmy dews distill'd;
I've sought the grove, or on the moss repos'd,
Or by the side of yonder fountain mus'd.
To scenes of rapture then would fancy soar,
And bright were all the colours that we wore,
Oft would her wand create some airy dream,
Of wealth, of pleasure, or immortal fame.
Oft when the morn peep'd o'er the mountain's height,
All fearful stealing on the rear of night;
From yonder mountain's elevated brow,
I've marked the clouds' fantastic forms below,
Or when the glorious sun appear'd in sight,
Have seen them blush to meet his awful light.
But now I seek the sorrow soothing shade,
To mourn alone how human prospects fade.
Now every dear delight is torn away,
Why should my spirit hither ling'ring stay.
Instead of grasping after treasures here,
I'll seek the riches that are free from care.
Instead of mourning for my sainted love,
Oh, let me seek to meet her soul above.
Instead of striving for the laurel wreath,
I'll seek a crown beyond the reach of death;
A crown, whose glory far outshines the day,
And shall unfading last to all eternity.

FLORIA.

For the Evening Fire-side.

——————*Vidit intus edentem*
Vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum
Invidiam. —————— *Illa.*
Surgit humo pigra; semesarumque relinquit
Corpora serpentum: passuque incedit enivit.
Pallor in ore sedet; macies in corpore toto:
Nusquam recta acies; livent rubigine dentes:
Pectora felle virent: lingua est suffusa veneno,
Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores;
Nec fruitur somno, vigilacibus excita curis;
Sed vidit ingratos, intabescitque videndo,
Successus hominum carpitque et carpitur unà:
Supplíciumque suum est.

OVID.

——————The fiend appear'd,
A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possest,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust, and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung;
She never smiles, but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep;
Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy,
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.

ADDISON.

Envy has ever been the averſion of mankind. It has furniſhed a ſubject of mirth to the wit, and of pity to the feeling; has been anathematized by the pious, and execrated by the profane; has ſet friends at diſcord, thrown neighbourhoods into tumult, and *brought death into the world, and all our woe.*

Such are not the effuſions of a mind overheated with its object, nor a recital of woes, that are merely imaginary. They proceed not from that abſtraction, which, becauſe of qualities ſomewhat ſimilar, claſſes together objects, widely different in their natures. We have not here counted as envy, either that noble emulation in the race of excellence, which burns to ſurpaſs the generous rival; nor that candour of ſentiment which detects the errors of the virtuous, and whilſt it expoſes the fallacy of words or illneſs of deeds, pays homage to the heart, and ſeeks to rectify the mind. They are a faithful copy of thoſe miſeries, with which envy has blotted the world, and the minuteſt views of the original, will manifeſt the correſpondence of the tranſcript.

But whilſt envy is thus ſpreading havock around, ſhe is fretted and made ſore by her own agitations. Other vices may wear down the body into the torpor of laſſitude, and convulſe the mind by the quakings of conſcience, may inflict on the offender the ſcourge of puniſhment, and ſink him down to the hopeleſſneſs of deſpair; but envy inflames the wound to acuter pains, to the puniſhment of her inadvertencies and deliberate miſchiefs, ſhe ſuper-adds the inceſſant vexations of her own malevolence. The profligate, over the cups of his debauchery, feels the exhiliration of ſenſual pleaſure, but envy is covered with an uniform gloom, that never brightens, ſave with a lured ſmile, that ſhews the blackneſs of the cloud from which it flaſhes, [traced] and vicious ambition, intrigue and ſtealth, each riſes into the joy of ſelf-gratulation; but envy is ever depreſſed, and ever diſſatisfied, ſtirring within herſelf the ſeeds of malice, whilſt ſhe is poiſoning every thing around her.

That ſuch is the turbulence which unceaſingly rages within her breaſt, might eaſily be diſcerned from her own actions and words, indeed, from the very conſtitution of the human heart, from its affections and deſires, a ſurmiſe of this kind might be conſidered, as almoſt amounting to certainty.

That the Deity is benevolent, it is madneſs to doubt. But to ſuppoſe that he is benevolent, and at the ſame time would have ſo conſtituted the hearts of his creatures, as to enjoy their livelieſt pleaſures, over the ſcenes of miſery, is an opinion prepoſterous to the laſt degree. It is to imagine that he

is delighted with malevolence, so repugnant to his own nature; it is to imagine that man, is not the image of his maker; it is to depart from our own experience, by which we find that minds are most delighted with congenial minds. It is thus to contradict, sense and scripture, and our own feelings.—Such is that constitution of our natures, which leads to the idea that man was formed, to be pleased with sights of happiness; and consequently, to sicken and be depressed at the view of miseries. When envy smiles over distress and sorrow, the heart itself is vexed with anxiety and perturbation, and resembles the flash of lightning, which whilst it dazzles with its brilliancy, is attended with noise, lacerations, and disorder.

Another argument to evince that envy is an abyss of torment, may be drawn from its own nature. "*Let it be constantly remembered*" says an excellent writer, "*That whoever envies another, confesses his superiority.*" The justness of this observation is very manifest. No envy is exercised by the rich man, towards the humble beggar, who stands shivering at his door, nor does the withered deformity of age or accident, kindle it within the breast of the sprightly and youthful belle. That inquietude which was unawakened by the tatters of beggary, is driven into fretfulness by the splendors of opulence; and uneasiness which the blight of age and misfortune could not excite, is forced into notice by the bewitching graces of some attractive fair one. Envy then, may be said to be a reflex view of our own inferiority. A consciousness of defect in qualities that we esteem, is an abundant source of disquiet, and as envy implies such inferiority, we must conclude that she harasses with continual disturbance. She is cancered by the worm which she nurses in her bosom, and every accession to the objects of her spleen, exacerbates its venom, and sharpens its sting.

Nature has implanted in us, an abhorrence of the man, who can thus triumph over the weakness of our race. Many are so depraved, as to covet the advantages often gained by vice; many that would gladly roll in affluence through the offspring of guilt, or brandish the sceptre of dominion, although they were to "*wade through slaughter to a throne.*" But no rational person, can desire to reap the fruits of envy, nor to feel the sensations which she experiences. The distant prospect, is not at all inviting, nor is the immediate fruition at all delightful.

BENEVOLUS.

August 21st, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-Side.

TO AMELIA ON LAUREL-HILL.

Mild pleasures kindle in Amelia's soul,
Whilst ranging sylvan scenes without controul:
To minds like her's how grateful solitude;
Only a blessing to the wise and good.
There where the scene in gay perspective spread,
With her I oft would climb the mountain's head;
Or in some grot thro' which the zephyr sighs,
With her's would of my tuneful anthems rise.
With her would mourn a world, immers'd in sin,
Then joyfully explore the *world* within.
Observe the wond'rous plan with watchful eyes;
The soil, the culture, plants, in order rise:
There where luxurant shoots the prune require;
Here tott'ring, slender, stems to heaven aspire.
Tho' fine the soil to vegitation prone,
Foul weeds spring up and keep the useful down;
Yet then, e'en these, declare the soil is good.
What lends to rankest weeds, life giving food,
With proper care might yield an ample crop
Of faith, of charity and christian hope.
But vain is all the gard'ner's care he'll find,
Who hopes rich increase from a barren mind:
If nutrous aliment but sparing flow,
Even brambles dwindle: which on heaths can grow?

To tend this garden be my constant care,
To prune, to plant; the various soil prepare;
My diligence may draw my master's love;
Rich plentious streams descending from above,
Spontaneously may bless the little spot.
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Absorb'd in love immeasurably kind,
I then in peace may seek the world of mind.
Perhaps those first may gain the promis'd goal,
In bliss extreme, to mingle soul with soul.
There love shall grow which on the earth took rise,
Expand and flourish in its native skies.

MARIA.

For the Evening Fire-side.

To the Editors,

Upon turning over the leaves of Chambers' Dictionary, my attention was particularly taken with the following lines, transcribed from under the article *Longevity*; perhaps by publishing them in your useful miscellany they may tend to excite beneficial reflection on the interposition of a Divine Providence, in the minds of some of your readers, who have not heretofore thus considered the subject.

"Immediately after the creation, when the world was to be peopled by one man and woman, the ordinary age was 900 years and upwards.—Immediately after the flood, when there were three persons to stock the world, their age was cut shorter; and none of these patriarchs, but Shem, arrived at 500. In the second century we find none that reached 240; in the third, none but Terah, that came to 200 years; the world, at least a part of it by that time, being so well peopled, that they had built cities, and were cantoned out into distant nations. By degrees, as the number of people increased, their longevity decreased; till it came down, at length, to 70 or 80 years; and there it stood and has continued to stand ever since the time of Moses. This is found a good medium, and, by means hereof the world is neither overstocked, nor kept too thin; but life and death keep a pretty equal pace.

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

There is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who strictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in society, whose conduct is squared to the rules of honesty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this sort seem to consider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by savages, and overspread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wish is to steer the safest course, to escape any hidden snares or precipices, and to avoid exasperating the enemy; but to win them by offices of kindness, or attach them by real services, they consider as a fruitless waste of time, a needless expence, and often a dangerous experiment.

It is not a little surprising, that these good sort of men should, by the decency of their exterior deportment, so far impose upon the world, as to glide on with ease and safety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the censure of every species of open vice, to obtain, not unfrequently, the respect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr. Mirror, like some other rigid moralists, seem, from the general strain of your writings, to require something more towards the formation of a good man than the mere absence of evil, or the mere livery of goodness. It must be allowed, however, that by a scrupulous observance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely use of the vocables of virtue, the exterior and visible part of the character is to be attained, which, for most of the useful purposes of life, seems to be quite sufficient. But as there are still a few who go a little deeper, and are scrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity that those sincere good people should lose all recompense for the sacrifice they

make of many comfortable gratifications, while they ſee the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much ſmaller expence.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been conſidering whether it were not poſſible to deviſe ſome means of unmaſking thoſe of the former character, ſome ſtandard by which the two claſſes might be compared, or ſtatical balance which ſhould ſhew the difference of weight and ſolidity of ſuch objects as have a ſimilar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been ſucceſsful, and ſhall now propoſe to you my plan.

Imprimis, I lay it down as a rule, that men ſhall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by ſuch as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as thoſe uſeful chronicles of facts, called newſpapers, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propoſe to publiſh a newſpaper of a different kind, which ſhall contain the daily intelligence of all ſuch things as are not done.

For the benefit of ſuch as chuſe to encourage my undertaking, I ſend you a ſpecimen of the work, which I can ſafely promiſe, and hereby engage, ſhall contain more in quantity than any other periodical regiſter whatever.

"Saturday laſt, being the feſtival of Chriſtmas, a day which the late worthy Sir Thomas W—— uſed to commemorate by giving a warm dinner to all the poor of the pariſh, the ſame was celebrated by his ſon the preſent Sir Thomas, with no ſolemnity whatever."

"Yeſterday George B——, Eſq. who by the death of an uncle, ſucceeded to an eſtate of four thouſand pounds per annum, gave no anſwers to five charity letters from the natural children of his deceaſed relation, and their mother, who works hard for their maintenance."

"In the courſe of laſt week four poor people died in the ſtreets—owing to the great inclemency of the weather."

"On Friday the twenty-fourth ult. the Duke of —— viſited the Royal Infirmary of this city, and, after peruſing the liſt of contributions to that humane and uſeful foundation, was pleaſed to give a —— pinch of ſnuff to the gentleman that ſtood next him."

"It was confidently reported ſome days ago, that C—— W——, Eſq. had paid his father's debts; but this, we are aſſured, is without foundation."

"In the action lately brought by E. L. a pauper, againſt her ſon-in-law Lord ——, for an alimony, ſeveral eminent counſel being applied to in behalf of the plaintiff, refuſed to take any concern in ſo ſhameful a proſecution."

"W. P. Eſq. who lately ſuſtained a conſiderable loſs by play, has not, as was aſſerted, ſold his hunters and pack of harriers. He has only diſmiſſed his chaplain, and cut off the allowance of ſome ſuperanuated domeſtics, on whom his father beſtowed annual penſions."

"Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. Eſq. who ſome time ago made a compoſition with his creditors of five ſhillings in the pound, has of late given ſeveral entertainments of three courſes, we are deſired to inform the public, from the beſt authority, viz. his butler, that the ſaid gentleman never gives more than two courſes and a deſſert."

"Laſt night, between the hours of nine and ten, a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. Eſq. which, after burning with ſome violence, for two hours, was happily extinguiſhed. It did no further damage than the conſuming of about twenty pound of coals. It is ſurpriſing how very few ſuch accidents have happened of late years."

Such, Mr. Mirror, is the nature of the paper which I propoſe ſhall daily give intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Beſides the recommendation of novelty, its general uſefulneſs muſt be ſo apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extenſive circulation.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

INTEGER.

[*Mirror.*]

POLITE VOCABULARY OF WORDS.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

Benevolence—That unremitted care and attention which ſhould be paid to monkies, lap-dogs, and parrots, in preference to all the reſt of the creation.

Boaſting—A very neceſſary qualification for a man of real or imaginary valour, eſpecially if he be in the army.

Buſineſs.—The great ſtudy of life amongſt the *beau-monde*, divided between the toilette, the tea-table, the opera, and the quadrille table.

Brutality—An utter ignorance of the graces and the *tons* which qualify a man for good company and the polite world.

Charity—A cold, inanimate word, that was much in vogue the latter end of the laſt, and the beginning of the preſent century, but is now only uſed for the ſake of oſtentation, in the liſts of public benefactions.

Captivate—To captivate, the inſatiable rage of every fine woman.

Chicane—A very neceſſary qualification in many departments of life for both ſexes, particularly all thoſe who handle a pack of cards, or ſhake a dice-box.

Curioſity—A very amiable recommendation in a woman, but inſupportable in a huſband.

Coquetry—A very neceſſary ſcience for every woman of taſte, according to the laſt improved ſyſtem, as ſettled at Bath, Scarborough, &c. &c.

Dramatic Writers—The modern herd of pilferers from the French and Italian, who anglicize characters that were never intended for the Engliſh ſtage, and their productions have all the requiſites for the drama, except fable, buſineſs, character, dialogue, denouement, and cataſtrophe.

Duelliſt—The modern champion for fame, who picks quarrels for the ſake of mutual honour, and has the addreſs of wounding coats and hats at a convenient diſtance, without any bodily danger to either party.

Dentiſt—A faſhionable appendage of the toilette, who eaſily makes his way from behind a chariot into it, and thrives, in ſpite of tooth wort, upon bones and ſtumps.

Egotiſm—An uſeful figure of ſpeech to diſplay a perſon's own conſequence.

Education—In men, dancing, fencing, riding, gaming, drinking, &c. In the women, muſic, dancing, ogling, quadrille, and intriguing; the happy application of coſmetics, and the requiſites of the toilette, *rouge* and *blanc* not excepted.

Evergreen—A lady, who by dint of art, preſerves her complexion and the appearance of youth till ſixty.

Fainting—Very neceſſary to be introduced upon critical occaſions.

Government—What no woman ſhould ſubmit to from a huſband.

Huſband—A domeſtic animal, that may be uſeful, particularly in money matters.

Honour—Paying one's gaming debts, debauching a friend's wife or daughter, and then running him through the body.

Hypocriſy—A very uſeful ingredient in the world.

Happineſs—Being the toaſt at all Bacchanalian revels, envied by the reſt of the

ſex, for having the handſomeſt fellows in the train of her admirers, and being ſcandal proof.

Houſewife—A moſt contemptible, unfaſhionable animal, being no where to be met with but at a farmer's or a country parſon's fire ſide.

Indifference—The polite ſtate of wedlock three days after marriage.

Licentiouſneſs—Quite unknown in theſe times.

Macaroni—The moſt approved character upon the *ton*, who dreſſes according to the moſt ſuperlative taſte, and leads the faſhion in every particular.

Mental accompliſhments—The art of pleaſing a firſt rate toaſt, and being a toad-eater to a great man.

Nobody—All England, except about a thouſand macaronies, and twelve hundred women of ſuperlative taſte.

Nobility—The moſt learned, enlightened, virtuous, generous, and affable race of people in the known world.

Old age—The moſt deteſtable ſtate in this world.

Shame—The want of money and the want of conqueſts.

Scandal—The very life and ſoul of converſation.

Sunday—The propereſt day in the whole week for cards, &c. &c. &c.

Suicide—The faſhionable method of retiring from life when a man has loſt his fortune and credit.

BURNS AND BLOOMFIELD.

Theſe two poets appeared nearly at the ſame time. Both combated the diſadvantages of low birth, and the want of education; and the powers of both expanded aſſiſted by the genial warmth of patronage, till they excited the attention, and procured the favour of the public. But here the reſemblance ceaſes. Bloomfield has already outlived his reputation; but the reputation of Burns ſtill increaſed, though he was himſelf the cauſe of his miſerable end. His genius, full of fire and feeling, made us forget his foibles. We thought only on the poet, or if we remembered the man, it was to regret, that fortune had not been more propitious, and ſaved him from thoſe temptations, which he was unable to reſiſt. The advocates of Bloomfield advance, that the narrow cell of a cobler's ſtall is leſs propitious to the expanſion of genius, than the open fields, where the mind is eaſily drawn by the beauties of nature to leave the plough, and walk in her flowery paths. But his poems exhibit no proof of a mind equal to conceiving thoſe beauties, which abound in Burns. The applauſe of his fellow apprentices for a few happy rhymes might eaſily lead him to give his leiſure moments to writing verſes; and without poſſeſſing that genius, of whoſe power we hear ſo much, and ſee ſo little, he might produce a poem, which, conſidering the diſadvantages under which he laboured, would produce ſurpriſe. The hand of patronage would be extended by thoſe, who are deſirous to bring forward talents and merit; and the voice of criticiſm would be ſilenced by a reference to his former circumſtances. But comparative merit cannot be allowed in the republic of letters. Authors muſt be finally judged by their works alone. The few beauties, which we find in Bloomfield, cannot palliate his faults. A momentary gleam may burſt through the thick darkneſs; but the proſpect is gloomy, and we are eager to quit the dreary ſcene. Should his genius be as prolific as was Rhea, Saturn is as inſatiable as ever to deſtroy the offspring as ſoon as born; and no deceit will now ſave a favourite production from his ruthleſs tooth. The genius of Burns ſtruggled againſt poverty and the inſolence of petty office; but roſe ſuperior to every obſtacle. We labour with pleaſure through a barbarous gloſſary, that we may fully reliſh his beauties. We learn his language and become his countrymen, that we may enjoy the innocent pleaſures of the cotter's Saturday night.

(Anthology.)

Selected for the Evening Fire-side.

It is a celebrated thought of *Socrates*, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were caſt into a public ſtock, in order to be equally diſtributed among the whole ſpecies, thoſe, who now think themſelves the moſt unhappy, would prefer the ſhare they are already poſſeſſed of, before that which would fall to them by ſuch a diviſion. *Horace* has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my Paper, which implies that the hardſhips or Misfortunes we lie under, are more eaſy to us than thoſe of any other perſon would be, in caſe we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on theſe two remarks, and ſeated in my elbow-chair, I inſenſibly fell aſleep; when on a ſudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every mortal ſhould bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpoſe. I took my ſtand in the centre of it, and ſaw with a great deal of pleaſure the whole human ſpecies marching one after another, and throwing down their ſeveral loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that ſeemed to riſe above the clouds.

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy ſhape, who was very active in this ſolemnity. She carried a magnifying glaſs in one of her hands, and was clothed in a looſe flowing robe, embroidered with ſeveral figures of fiends and ſpectres, that diſcovered themſelves in a thouſand chimerical ſhapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was ſomething wild and diſtracted in her looks. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiouſly aſſiſted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his ſhoulders. My heart melted within me to ſee my fellow-creatures groaning under their reſpective burdens, and to conſider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however ſeveral perſons who gave me great diverſion upon this occaſion. I obſerved one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwingit into the heap, I diſcovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers ſaddled with very whimſical burdens compoſed of darts and flames; but what was very odd, tho' they ſighed as if their hearts would break under theſe burdens of calamities, they could not perſuade themſelves to caſt them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, ſhook their heads and marched away, as heavy-loaden as they came. I ſaw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and ſeveral young ones who ſtripped themſelves of a tawny ſkin. There were very great heaps of red noſes, large lips, and ruſty teeth. The truth of it is, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the greateſt part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Obſerving one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he diſpoſed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miſeries. There were likewiſe diſtempers of all ſorts, tho'

I could not but obſerve, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diſeaſes incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: This was called the ſpleen. But what moſt of all ſurpriſed me, was a remark I made, that there was not a ſingle vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: At which I was very much aſtoniſhed, having concluded within myſelf, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his paſſions, prejudices, and frailties

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not queſtion came loaden with his crimes: but upon ſearching into his bundle, I found that inſtead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthleſs rogue who flung away his modeſty inſtead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus caſt their burdens, the *Phantom* which had been ſo buſy on this occaſion, ſeeing me an idle ſpectator of what paſſed, approached towards me. I grew uneaſy at her preſence, when of a ſudden ſhe held her magnifying glaſs full before my eyes.' I no ſooner ſaw my face in it, but was ſtartled at the ſhortneſs of it, which now appeared to me in its utmoſt aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a maſk. It happened very luckily, that one who ſtood by me had juſt before thrown down his viſage, which, it ſeems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a moſt ſhameful lenghth; I believe the very chin was, modeſtly ſpeaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourſelves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortune for thoſe of a another perſon. But as there aroſe many new incidents in the ſequel of my viſion, I ſhall reſerve them for the ſubject of my next paper.

[*Spectator.*]

ANECDOTE.

An old man with a long beard not being able to obtain a favor, that he requeſted of the Emperor Adrien—Shaved himſelf, and went again to demand the ſame favor, thinking that he ſhould not be recognized; "What you requeſt," ſaid the Emperor, "I have already refuſed to your father."

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FORRIGN.

LONDON, July 1.—We received, yesterday, a letter from a reſpectable house at Hamburg. It gives the following article, which, it adds, was communicated by the French minister in that city, as the outline of the expected changes on the continent.

New Constitution of Germany.

"Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, which is to be considerably aggrandized, Nassau, and some other districts, comprising the country all along the Rhine, to form a federative body, under the immediate protection of France.

"Switzerland to be divided. One third to be given to Baden, one third to the kingdom of Italy, and one third to France

"Denmark and Sweden, excluded from Germany and from all deliberative influence in its affairs. The former to remain distinct for itself—the latter to be treated, as to Pomerania, as she may behave. Some say Pomerania and Mecklinburg are both to fall to Prussia; which, with Austria, are independent powers, and on their own bottoms, without regard to the former system of the empire. The emperor of the latter to resign his title of chief of the German empire remaining only emperor of his own states.

"Hamburg, and some say all Holstein, Bremen, and Lubeck, federative and independent, under the protection of France, whose emperor is to enjoy in those territories henceforward, the same sovereignty which the emperor of Germany formerly exercised.—The inhabitants of this federative state shall be called the Franks, being the land where the ancient Franks sprang from.

"Diet of the empire to be abolished.

"Saxony, not mentioned.

"These alterations to take place immediately; the army then to be called back to assist at the grand festivals at Paris, which are to take place very shortly."

Yesterday afternoon Wednesday's Hamburg mail arrived. Its contents are neither copious nor decisive. It appears that a correspondence has commenced between the kings of Sweden and Prussia, the purport of which has not yet transpired. No counter orders have as yet been issued by Prussia to the garrisons of Berlin and Potsdam, which still holds themselves in readiness to march. General Kalkreuth's health being impaired, it is said that prince Louis Ferdinand will take the command of the corps under the orders of that general.

Baron Jacobi, the Prussian ambassador, has applied for his passport, preparatory to his leaving this country for Berlin.

DOMESTIC.

NEW-YORK, Aug. 27.—The powder house at Brooklyn, blew up about one o'clock yesterday. We understand that about 400 kegs of powder were in the building at the time of the accident, but no lives were lost, and comparatively little damage done. The whole building was blown from its foundation, and its materials scattered to a very great distance. Some of the fragments were thrown into this city. The walls of the church at Brooklyn were considerably injured, and its windows broken. A rope walk near the spot, was levelled with the ground. Most of the windows at Brooklyn, and many in this city, were broken. No account of the real or probable cause of the explosion is yet received.

NEW-ORLEANS, July 26.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Fort Adams to his friend in this city, dated 21st July.

"We are hourly expecting the arrival of general Wilkinson. In his late letter to the commanding officer here, he promised to be at this place by the 20th inst. if his orders were not countermanded.

"I am not enough of a politician, statesman or soldier, to tell what is the contemplated movement."

Interments in the different burial grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 16th to the 23d of August. Adults 16—Children 26—Total 42.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The PEDLAR's *pack* has safely come to hand
With foreign and domestic articles,
And as our countrymen, we understand,
Don't like the products of their native land,
We mean to give them all the *Pedlar's* particles.

Some *facts* of authenticity suspicious,
Selections musical, but injudicious,
Have been receiv'd, with anecdotes *uncouth*;
Such things as these, we dare assert as fact,
Are sent to evade the *quarter-dollar act*;
Ye slothful fellows is it not the truth.
THE VOW—may for the author's sins atone,
For other purposes, Ce n'est pas bon!!

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